

A  
PINDARICK  
ODE

On His EXCELLENCY

*John Duke of Marlborough,*

Prince of the Holy *Empire,*

Marquis of *Blandford*, Earl of *Marlborough*; Baron *Churchil* of *Sandridge*, and Baron *Churchil* of *Aumoth*: Captain General of all Her Majesty's Forces, Master General of the Ordnance; One of the Lords of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General of the *United Provinces*, and General of the Confederate Armies.

With a View of the Three last Glorious and  
Memorable Campaigns.

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*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

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LONDON: Printed, And Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*. Pr. 6 d. Where may be had the History of the last Campaign, with the Map of *Lille*. &c. Pr. 1 s.

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John Duke of Marlborough

France of the Holy Empire

of the Congress, June 1892.

Memorable Campaign  
With a View of the Three last Elections and

1917

[illegible]



To her GRACE

## The Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

*May it Pleaſe your Grace,*

**H**OW ſhort ſo e're this Piece may fall of the Merits of the Cauſe, I moſt humbly beſeech you to look with a favourable Eye on the defects of it, it being ſo incapable of Flattery, that 'tis difficult for a much better Pencil than mine, to give it its due Luſtre. I uſe this way of Expreſſion, becauſe Painters and Poets are ſo near ally'd, and the moſt charming Features of either kind, are the moſt difficult to draw to the Life.

Therefore I hope, *Madam*, that your ſo near the Affinity to the Glorious Subject, will entitle it to your Grace's immediate Protection and Favour.

Preſuming to ſay, that 'tis not only of a Piece, but Matter of Truth in e'ery particular, tho it may want thoſe Maſter Strokes that a more accurate Hand might have given it.

However, that your Grace will be pleaſed to accept the Will for the Performance, becomes the moſt earneſt Requeſt of,

Your Graces moſt humble

and moſt Obedient Servant.

W. L.

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**L**ET Truth and Honour recommend this Piece,  
Which needs no Flourishes to enhance the Price.  
Fulsome Encomiums Fables may impart,  
Deck'd up with Tinsel Praise, Japan'd with Art;  
Like seeming Gold, that neither will abide  
The Weight, or Touch, when by the Curious try'd:  
The Sampler I've expos'd, no Varnish needs,  
For I refer you not to Words but Deeds;  
As Proof, as Weight, it currently will pass,  
Without adulterate shew to grace the Mass:  
Thro' *Christendom* the worth of it will bear,  
The Test as to the value, nay as far  
As the Propitious Sun extends its Light,  
Or pale fac'd Moon that Uihers in the Night,  
Disdaining Detestation, scorning Spight. }  
It for the Estimate cannot be sold,  
Transparent, 'tis as Chrystal, Pure as purest Gold;  
The Essence of a Soul it may be stil'd,  
With Divine Inspiration only fill'd.  
All this I to the Censure shall refer,  
(Kind Reader) when you view the Character.

*Vale*



A

Pindarick O D E

On his G R A C E

The Duke of *Marlborough*.

**A** P O L L O and the *Muses* lend your Aid,  
That thus inspir'd a Duty may be pay'd,  
To *Marlborough's* Fame, *Britania's* Demy God,  
Whose Steps few Mortals ever yet have Trod :  
If faithful and effectual Councils can,  
Define the Merits of a Pearless Man ;

B

If

If when He speaks in any Grand Affair,  
 For Honour and Advantage to the State.  
 The Council-Board believes *Apollo* there,  
 When Thoughts digested into Words create,  
 Such firm Results of future Happiness,  
 Dependent on Great *Marlborough's* Success;  
 Such Proofs to Royal *Anna* at the Helm  
 Of Peace, and Glory to Her happy Realm:  
 Whose lenative, indulgent Reign,  
 Well may Her Subjects Love maintain.  
 All but the vile remains of Popery,  
 Or most pernicious Weeds of Anarchy;  
 Which by His Care and Vigilance,  
 And *Anna's* wond'rous Clemency,  
 Will quickly cease to give Offence,  
 Or in *Britania's* Bowel lurking lye.



## II.

If advantageous Measures ta'n Abroad,  
 With an Intrepid Conduct in the Camp,  
 Can represent the Image of a God,  
 He to Perfection bears the Auspicious Stamp.  
 From Him alone the Terror of our Arms,  
 Will be transmitted to Posterity,  
 Who strenuously pursues Wars rough Alarms,  
 For the fixation of our Liberty.

His Head not only does devise,  
 But His Hand boldly executes  
 The Marshal part, not only Wise,  
 But His Victorious Sword confutes  
 The Gallick Troops, that brav'd the World be-  
 (fore,  
 That they dare face Bold Britains now no more.

What hardy *French-man* dares  
 When *Marlborough* appears,  
 The Bounds of his Intrenchments quit,  
 Like Capons coop'd, their Generals all submit.

## III.

What Garrisons of Consequence,  
 He for our Allies has Retriev'd,  
 Surrender'd by His Influence,  
 What Benefits have they Receiv'd ?  
*Europe* in general ne'er yet produc'd  
 A Champion, who his Time so well has us'd ;  
 In three Campaigns, such Wonders he has wrought,  
 Which might have been the Work of Ages thought.

## IV.

Let Records point to any Age,  
 And shew a Minister so quick and sage ;

If



If He Negotiates an Embassy,  
 In that you shall his matchless Conduct see :  
 The close lock'd Union with the Allies shews,  
 That *Marlborough's* Influence admits no Foes.  
 If as a General his Fame Resounds,  
 To the known Worlds extensive Bounds ;  
 What speed the Progress of his Arms declares,  
 In opposition to our dilatory Wars.

## V.

The *Dutch* who thought the *French*  
 Had been Invincible,  
 The Notion now Retrench,  
 And with assurance kill ;  
 Confirming their Opinion vain,  
 By *Marlborough* led, find 'em but hardly Men.

## VI. Some

## VI.

Some Heroes have deliberation ta'n  
 When they shou'd push the War;  
 And some again  
 Do Fortune strain,  
 Precipitately Run  
 To be undone,  
 Of Caution void, insensible of Care:  
 But *Marlborough* by no Rules pursues  
 His Victories, but Circumstance;  
 Who does contingent Causes use,  
 When e'er He does his Sword advance.  
 This does His Conduct testify,  
 On which *Britania* does rely.

VII. He



## VII.

He Halts not when the Foe's in motion,  
 Nor do's he Sleep when they're awake,  
 Pursuing Measures with such Caution,  
 That His Attempts scarce fail to take.  
 The Chace of War He carries thro'  
 With so much Skill, so nice a View ;  
 With such an Air He pushes Fate  
 His Arms t' extenuate,  
 You'd think He nothing was a doing,  
 When He's the end of War pursuing :  
 So smoothly He with Fortune sports  
 Till the Foe feels His sharp Efforts :

## VIII. How

## VIII.

How He by Miracle

The Empire sav'd,

None spares no Breath to tell,

The Hero so Himself behav'd.

By the *Bavarians* and the *French* distress'd,

Her Sides were Gaul'd, and Blood became

Of th' incroaching En'my the Game ;

And by the Malecontents a factious Nest ;

Tearing Her Bowels on the other Hand,

Till *Marlborough* did Victory Command :

Whose March was thought impossible,

Till the flush'd Foe did his warm Charges feel ;

Whose Secret speed cou'd never be out-done,

But by the Bravery in that Action shewn :

That



That kind consenting Moon that gave him Light,  
 To the *Maez* Bank, to th' *Danube* imp'd his Flight;  
 Before Him all to his keen Sword submit,  
 Ere He cou'd well be thought his Home to quit.

## IX.

His March scarce at an end, He boldly Storms  
 The Camp at *Schulemburgh*; takes *Donawart*,  
 Such wonderful Exploits He then performs,  
 As need no nice Imbellishments of Art.  
 At *Blenheim* next, He was not please to take  
 a The General only, but an Army Captive make.

Such a Distress was never known  
 Beneath the Sun,  
 Nor will it ever be forgot, till Fame  
 Her Breath shall lose, the *Danube* want a Name.

---

a Count Tallard then taken, at which time 28 Bata-  
 lions surrender'd Prisoners of War.

## X.

The Conquest then, He at *Ramellies* gain'd,  
 Was such a Victory obtain'd,  
 Such a well follow'd fatal Blow,  
 As made Imperious *Lewis* Bow,  
 Whole Power e're since that stroke has been Re-  
 (strained.  
 The vast Report such Expedition made,  
 As *Fame* the Wings of *Mercury* had had.  
 To waft the News from Town to Town,  
 Such the Confusion was,  
 Among the *Gallick* Troops in Garrison,  
 b They leave precipitately each strong Place,  
 Without a Blow, in less than three Months space.

---

*b All the considerable Places in that part of Flanders, fell in at that time as He march'd, whose Appearance only was sufficient to cause an Evacuation, the Prince of Conte then Commanding in Chief on the French side.*

Where're



Where're he Roll'd the abject *French* became,  
 Dreading his Prowess, Vassels to his Fame,  
 Which Action has Immortaliz'd his Name.

So quick a Change was near in *Flanders* known,  
 As has been by our *British* Hero shewn.

## XI.

Great *Julius* in a Letter sent to *Rome*,  
 Proud under the like Circumstance to come ;

Thus to the Senate do's dilate,  
 To magnify His Prosperous Fate :  
 And with a *Veni, Vidi Vici*,  
 Of *Rome* cajoles the Majesty.

But time, nor Place, nor Weight, nor Circumstance,  
 Cou'd to the proof of this Exploit advance :  
 Nor was our prudent Worthy e're so vain  
 At such a Rate, His Conquests to maintain.

Encomiums He leaves to *Fame* alone,  
And gains Applause by wisely pushing on.

## XII.

This and the former Great Campaign,  
So magnify'd our Female Reign,  
Who wou'd not but have thought,  
That *Fame* was to an extream Period brought :  
Yet the succeeding Action at the *Scheld*,  
c Did ample matter of fresh Wonder yield :  
Greater as 'twas of greater Consequence,  
For mightier Benefits accrue from thence :  
The Hazzards that our Hero had in view,  
His lost Communication to renew,  
Which if not clear'd had prov'd his Ruin too.

---

c *The taking of Lille, and the Action at the Scheld to maintain it when got, was of the greater Consequence, because Lille is a Principal Pass into France.*

For



For Fate inclin'd a little to amuse,  
 Our Champion never at a stand,  
 To see how well His Policy he'd use,  
 Which shew'd the nicer part of His Command.  
 But all his various windings to Rehearse,  
 Come not within the Limits of my Verse:  
 Particulars I'll to the Tract refer,  
 I mean the Monthly State of every Year:  
 I once say'd Ages, but what Centuries,  
 Before our Gallant *British* Hero's Time,  
 Can boast such Feats of Arms, such Policies,  
 As in these three Campaigns we've prov'd by  
 (Him.

XIII. Who

## XIII.

Who wou'd His matchless Deeds enumerate,  
 Must scan His Days of Action in the Field,  
 The Captives made, the many thousands kill'd,  
 From thence the Grand Account must take its date.

These three Campaigns alone,

I purpos'd to reflect upon.

That space may be allow'd in the Carrier,  
 In References to His General Character :  
 T' insert the Titles he has justly gain'd,  
 From those, who He from Ruin has sustain'd ;  
 And Pertinent Comparison to hold,  
 Between our Champion, and the Chiefs of Old :  
 Of what e'er Country they're establish'd Fame,  
 Must Truckle to His Name :

The rest let the *Hague* Mercury  
 Unfold, till made a most stupendious History.

XIV. Who



## XVI.

Who wou'd not be surpriz'd to find,  
 A numerous Host so well inclin'd,  
 To make so sweet a Harmony,  
 Of Order and Oeconomy,  
 Of different Nations, which do's amply shew,  
 There's something more than Man in *Marlborough*.

## XV.

The *Dutch* the Hero their Preserver Stile,  
 For His admir'd Courage, boundless Skill  
 In Arms, of which they reap the Benefit,  
 Whose glorious Actions we to Fame commit.  
 The *Empire* gives Him the Applause  
 Of Her Redeemer, with sufficient Cause :

*Europe*

*Europe* in general do's justly Brute

Him Her Protector, who in His Praise cannot be  
(Mute :

But all his Toil, his Hazards, and Alarms,

Tend to the Glory of the *British* Arms ;

Who with all due Regard to Sacred *Ann*,

Remembers he's a Subject, and a Man :

But Temper'd so in War and Peace,

He both dispences with such ease ;

Omnitient Wrath, and Mercy too,

Dealing 'em justly where they're due :

When He in heat of Battle kills,

He grieves the Blood He spills :

Reflects on Conquest with a tender Eye,

Lamenting that so many dye ;

Rewarding Bravery, suckering the Distress'd,

Commending those, who in the Bed of Honour  
(Rest.

War



War making a Necessity,  
 No Tool of Interest, or a Game,  
 T' expand the Mouth of Fame,  
 Never exalted with Success,  
 For His extreamest Sallies tend to Peace;  
 Most easy of access to all,  
 For when He do's exert the General,  
 He's only Terrible amongst his Foes,  
 And yet his Troops to keep their proper distance  
 (shows:

## XVI.

Hail worthy Champion of *Britania's* State,  
 Thou Mighty *Atlas* that supports the Age,  
 Go on and make our Happiness compleat,  
 By pulling down the Tyrant's Lawless Rage:

D

The

The Winds and Waves officious prov'd,  
 To waft Thee o're the Main,  
 Conscious that *Marlborough* was belov'd  
 Both by the Gods and Men.

May'st thou return from the destructive War,  
 O may Propitious Heaven confirm my Prayer,  
 Laden with Branching Laurels as before. }  
 He who has done so much can more perform;  
 Who plys the War that he may lasting Peace con-  
 (firm.

Blest *Anna's* Favour will Reward thy Toil,  
 For pushing on the Glorious Cause,  
 Thy Pious indefatigable Zeal,  
 In Rooting up Her faithless Foes.

Ungenerous Wretches who  
 Clap up a Peace,  
 For present Ease,  
 That in a more Clandestine way they may the  
 (War pursue.  
 The



The Management of *Reswick* Testifies,  
 That *France* in straits retreats to Fallacies :  
 But now they're so apparent and so great,  
*Double Entaunders* are quite out of date.

## XVII.

*Lewis*, how dark are thy Efforts,  
 Rapine thy Lust of Power Supports ;  
 Thy Barbarous Theft upon *Laurain*,  
 Do's fresh in Memory Remain.  
 But Gold and Stratagem will now no more  
 Maintain thy wrested Power,  
 Since the Great *Marlborough's* become,  
 A Champion for the Cause of *Christendome* :  
 Whose Sword how sharp so e're it be,  
 Assures both Peace and Liberty,

In general to all  
 We may *Europeans* call;  
 To them and their Posterity.

## XVIII.

How *Anna's* Fame througout the Christian World,  
 With loudest Acclamations will be hurl'd :  
 Her most Illustrious Female Reign,  
 Such vast Applause will gain ;  
 The Terrour of Her Arms will be  
 An Universal History.

The *British* Hero's Conquering Sword,  
 Such Room for Wonder does afford,  
 Such as was never placed upon Record :  
 Such as the Foreign Nations must allow ;  
 The Lawrel best becomes His Brow :  
 Who with extended Hands will stretch it forth,  
 A free Will-Offering to His Signal Worth.

None



None dare with Him contend the glorious Prize,  
 Who's of our Hearts the Joy, as well as Eyes.

## XIX.

Rome once gave universal Laws,  
 Her Conqu'ring Sword,  
 Did *Fame* an ample Theme afford;  
 And Her peculiar Subject was :  
 But among all Rome's *Cæsars* shew me one  
 Has *Marlborough* outdone ;  
 Who since He Feats of Arms begun,  
 Has stear'd such an unimitable Course  
 That ecchoing His Praise, the Lungs of *Fame* are  
 (hoarse :  
 What Roman Story e're cou'd shew,  
 Such Resolution, and such Conduct too ;  
 As Fortune had intended Him to be  
 A President to all Posterity ;

As

As She had chosen Him, and Him alone,  
To humble Tyrants, lawless Force put down.

## XX.

Had *Marlb'rough* liv'd when *Alexander* bore  
The Character of the World's Conqueror,  
He had not griev'd at His penurious Fate,  
Of wanting scope of Earth t' expatiate,  
For had He once our *British* Champion known,  
He'd found it difficult to Guard His own :  
Young *Macedon* was Rash, *Rome's* Hero too,  
Successful Tyrants grew ;  
Who in Distress,  
Than Men were less,  
By their own Hands despairing dy'd,  
When Fortune frown'd, and Conquest was deny'd.

## XXI. Great



XXI

Great *Hanibal* and *Scipio*,  
Did *Marlbrough's* Temper never show,  
Whose daring Soul, Fate can no more depress,  
Than give it Exaltation by Success :  
*Homer's* recorded Hero's never came  
Within the reach of His stupendious Fame ;  
His Parallel before Him was not known,  
Nor will there be His Equal when He's gone :  
And this *Britannia* has to boast,  
Declining *Lewis* to thy Cost,  
That His bright Lustre, clear as open Day,  
Will chace thy borrow'd Influence away.

XXII

And when he shall Victorious come,  
With verdant Lawrels Home,

It may be with Assurance said,  
 Th' indulgent Partner of His Bed  
 Will in her tender Arms infold,  
 As Great a Man, as the glad Sun did e're behold;  
 Most happy She,  
 Who without Vanity,  
 May Pride she such a Hero do's inclose,  
 Whose Fame above the reach of Malice shoots,  
 Beyond the Censure of ignoble Foes,  
 Whose Courage even Calumny confutes.

## XXIII.

This the once mighty *Lewis* (whose Career  
 Of Pow'r, *Marlb'rough* does before him bear)  
 With a relenting, sorrowing Heart must own,  
 Whose fainter Rays cannot endure his Rising Sun :  
*Lewis*, who was the only Scourge, the Dread  
 Of Christendome, now sinks his worthless Head ;

Pale



Pale and Convulsive waxes at the Sight,  
 Of *Marlborough's* excessive Light,  
 No longer to support the \* Key,      \* *Lille*.  
 Which was his main Security :  
 Declining *Flanders*, 'tis his wisest way,  
 Upon his Frontiers now to stand at Bay :  
 Defend his own, least *Marlborough* shou'd Storm  
 His very Entrails, Wooden Shoes Reform.  
 Abolish Tyranny, the Yoke Relieve,  
 That does His Pow'r discourage, Peasants Grieve.  
 In *France* demonstrate by a gentle way,  
*Britannia's* affable, engaging Sway :  
 Of which they'll so enamour'd be,  
 They'll soon shake off their fealty,  
 When once they Taste of Liberty.

## XXIV.

His Quirks of State, His Machivilian Strokes,  
 Europe in general so much provokes;  
 She'll now oblige His Haughtiness to Treat,  
 In earnest for a Peace, at any Rate,  
 With Marlborough, whose Care  
 Will be in this Affair,  
 That he shall never more Prevaricate,  
 For tho of doing Ill he may retain  
 A Principle, His Power we shall restrain:  
 I mean our Graceous Queen, and Marlborough,  
 From whom such universal Blessings flow;  
 From whom the Sinues of the War derive,  
 An indisputable Prerogative,

## XXV.

When with the Olive Branch the Hero Lands,  
 Who Peace, and War, alternately Commands.

What



What general Acclamations will be sent,  
 By the glad People to the Firmament ;  
 The loud report will from the *British Strand*,  
     Extend it self at so profuse a Rate,  
 That like a Train of Wild-fire thro' the Land,  
     'Twill never cease till at the Palace Gate :  
 How there, and in the Presence of the Queen,  
 He'll be receiv'd when He comes home again :  
 Pronouncing Peace I'll to his Merits leave,  
     For I shall not presume to give,  
 The vast Description of the mutual Joy,  
     At his Approach, that will incircle Majesty.  
 In the most thoughtful Face will then appear  
 An Affable, Serene, Salubrious Air,  
 From the Effects of this Expensive War.

F I N I S.

What general Acclamations will be heard  
By the glad People to the Timpanum  
The loud report will from the British Strand  
Extend it self as to produce a Rave  
That like a Train of Wild-fire thro' the Land  
'Twill never cease till at the Palace Gate  
How there and in the Presence of the Queen  
He'll be receiv'd when He comes home again  
Pronouncing Peace I'll to his Mother leave  
For I shall not presume to give  
The vast Description of the mutual Joy  
At his Approach, that will include Majesty  
In the most thoughtful Pace will then appear  
An Able, Strong, Sublime Air  
From the Effects of his Expensive War



